Index to Advertisements.

Business Notices.

New-York Daily Tribune.

SUNDAY, JULY 2, 1899.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

FOREIGN.—The insurgents made a night attack on the American lines at San Fernando, north of Manila; one private was killed and four were wounded. ==== Senator Hanna talked in London on American politics; he predicted the renomination and re-election of McKinley and Hobart, stating that the Democrats are all at sea over Bryan and free silevr. ==== Mme. Dreyfus was permitted to see her husband in the Military Prison in Rennes; the landing of the prisoner from the cruiser Sfax at Quiberon and his transfer to Rennes was attended by no untoward circumstance. ==== Senator-elect Depew, in an interview in London, spoke in sanguine terms of the outlook for American manufacturers and workmen. ==== It was reported in Bremen that the rejected steamer Kaiser Friedrich had been sold to New-York parties.

DOMESTIC.—Ex-Congressman George West was stricken by apoplexy and is in a critical condition. ==== It is regarded as certain that there will be another big strike at the Homestead plant of the Carnegie Steel Company. ==== President McKinley presented a beautiful silver loving-cup to M. Cambon, the French Ambassador, in recognition of his services in restoring peace between the United States and Spain. ==== A reciprocity treaty with the British colony of Jamaica was concluded in Washington. ==== The Government expenditures for the fiscal year ended June 30 exceeded the revenues by $88,875,989, the deficit being several millions smaller than had been expected.

CITY.—Stocks were strong and active. ==== Winners at Sheepshead Bay: Cesarion, Decanter, Killashandra, Admiration, Thomas Cat, Rheinstrom, Waring. ==== Railroad men were talking of the probable absorption of the New-York, New-Haven and Hartford Railroad by the New-York Central and the Pennsylvania. ==== Christopher Kiernan, a seventeen-year-old lad, was stabbed and killed by one of two Italians, twins, who were arrested. ==== Commissioner Webster yesterday had a talk with President Rossiter of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, at which the latter agreed to receive a delegation of the men to-morrow. ==== Mayor Van Wyck appointed Municipal Justice McKeon to the Special Sessions Court to succeed Justice Hayes, named three new City Magistrates and sixteen School Commissioners for the Borough of Brooklyn. ==== The annual regatta of the New-Rochelle Yacht Club was held. ==== The League of American Wheelmen State meet came to a close at Patchogue; the world's quarter-mile heel-and-toe record was broken.

THE WEATHER.—Forecast for to-day: Fair and warmer. The temperature yesterday: Highest, 77 degrees; lowest, 64; average, 70⅞.

Readers going out of town for the season can make sure of their Daily and Sunday Tribune, and get it cheaper, by ordering the same sent by mail. See subscription rates, on opposite page. Or, they should lodge an order with the nearest regular newsdealer, or their hotel, for the daily delivery of the paper.

DREYFUS IN FRANCE.

Captain Dreyfus was safely landed in France on Friday night, and is now at Rennes awaiting retrial and, it is to be hoped, full vindication. His landing was effected cleverly and quietly. Instead of being brought to Brest, to be confronted by a multitude of sightseers, and exposed to probable insult and possible assault by his enemies, he was brought ashore at Quiberon, where no one but the officers in the secret were looking for him, and was safe in his quarters at Rennes before the news of his landing was generally known. Some such arrangement was expected by judicious observers. It is another proof that they order some matters particularly well in France.

And what next? Well, Captain Dreyfus, treated with the courtesy due to a man of his rank, and arrayed in the full uniform of a French Army officer, will be put upon trial again, we suppose, as soon as possible. The trial will be conducted before a court-martial. The names of the members of the court have been announced. They are not familiar to the general public in this country, being those of subordinate officers who have not hitherto figured in the Dreyfus controversy. The presumption is that they are honest and impartial men, who will try Captain Dreyfus honestly and render a verdict in accordance with the law and the evidence. One thing is certain, the court has not been packed for either side; and another, that it will not be coerced by a Cabinet Minister, nor seduced by the secret impartation of garbled versions of forged documents.

The precise mode of procedure has not yet been announced, and we are not sure it has been decided upon. The case is unique in French jurisprudence. There is no precedent to be followed as a guide. There is, therefore, some doubt as to whether Captain Dreyfus will be retried simply on the old charges—that is, on the old indictment, without any new instructions—or whether a new indictment will be framed and the trial made substantially a new one from the beginning. The latter course is undoubtedly the one his enemies would prefer. They realize that the old indictment is now completely discredited and the old charges disproved. Their only hope of convicting rests upon the possibility of bringing forward and substantiating some new charges, entirely outside of the grotesque mass of forgeries that made up the Dreyfus dossier, and secret dossier, and ultra-secret dossier.

Unfortunately or fortunately, as the case may be, the decree of the Court of Cassation did not give any instructions concerning this important point. It simply "quashed and annulled the judgment and sentence" passed upon Captain Dreyfus on December 22, 1894, and sent the accused before a new court-martial at Rennes on the following question: "Is Dreyfus guilty of having in 1894 practised machinations or carried on communications with a Foreign Power or one of its agents for the "purpose of inducing it to engage in hostilities "or to wage war against France, or of furnishing it with the means of doing so by supplying it with the notes and documents enumerated in the bordereau?" That is the question upon which the Rennes court-martial will have to pass. It will be observed that it may be interpreted in either of two ways. It can be divided into two separate questions: Did he practise machinations, etc.? and Did he furnish the matter enumerated in the bordereau? Or it can be regarded as one question: Did he practise machinations, etc., by supplying the matter mentioned in the bordereau? Upon the interpretation adopted by the court much will depend. If it be the former, that the general question of his corrupt communications may be considered, apart from the bordereau, there will be a practically new trial on new charges, and there is no telling how much new testimony, false or true, may be adduced. If it be the latter, that only the corruption indicated by the bordereau is to be considered, then the prompt acquittal of Captain Dreyfus is to be regarded as a foregone conclusion.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

The renewed assurance sent out from Washington that General Alger is not going to leave the Cabinet is no more than was to be expected. The Secretary's loyalty and devotion are far too great to permit him to desert the President in an hour of embarrassment for which the Secretary cannot help feeling in a measure somewhat responsible, and therefore most sacredly bound to stand by his chief. Governor Pingree's announcement that he is ready to join General Alger in standing by the President first, last and all the time in a campaign against expansion and the murder of innocent Filipinos, and against the wicked influence of Mark Hanna, naturally touches the Secretary's sensitive honor. It is unquestionably a source of sincere sorrow to him that his partner, in whose doings he is necessarily somewhat involved, should thus attack the essential policy and the best friend of the President, whose interests are even more precious to him than his own. The only thing he can do is to stand by his friend and superior, and show the world that he believes in him even if his partner denies him. Such a testimonial to the President's character from General Alger in the face of an attack by the man who is promoting General Alger's Senatorial ambitions is as handsome as it is useful and useful as it is disinterested.

Such faithfulness as this, that can surmount all obstacles and meet in turn the most contradictory conditions, is rarely seen in politics. That devotion which fears no inconsistency and is blind to everything but the joy of a place at the feet of the master has about it marks of a passion deeper than political attachment. A few days ago, when General Alger first appeared as Governor Pingree's candidate for Senator and it was asked if he would leave the Cabinet, the answer came back clear and uncompromising. No! He would not desert. If he should resign he might seem to put President McKinley in opposition to the great war on trusts which Governor Pingree had started. Now, when Governor Pingree has started a great war on expansion and Mark Hanna, General Alger again throws himself into the breach and grasps more firmly than ever his portfolio lest he should seem in retiring to give assent to the Pingree reproaches. Governor Pingree's platform on which he is running General Alger for Senator has three planks—anti-trust, anti-expansion, anti-Hanna. General Alger finds himself forced to stay in the Cabinet out of loyalty, so as to commit President McKinley to the anti-trust plank, and he likewise must stay in it so as not to commit President McKinley to the anti-expansion and anti-Hanna planks. All roads lead to Rome, as the saying is, and all arguments and dilemmas lead General Alger to hold more unyieldingly the place in the service of the chief to whom he is attached by such indissoluble bonds.

General Alger is undoubtedly as strong an Administration man as there is in the country. Nothing can shake him.

TOO MANY POLICEMEN ALREADY.

Our Police Board, which is now made up of a cheap lot of petty politicians, says that more policemen are needed. This suggestion will not be accepted by the taxpayers in a sympathetic spirit. When Theodore Roosevelt was at the head of the Department he worked hard to compel the members of the force to do their full duty. No one who has been reading the newspapers since Mr. Van Wyck became Mayor can harbor any doubt as to the reasons why the present commissioners were appointed, and as to the condition of the force in manners and morals. Evidence taken by the Lexow Committee a few years ago proved that many police officials were corrupt. The laws of this State are so careful to protect the innocent that they afford too many facilities for the guilty to escape.

It is certain that various police officials for years before the evidence in the Lexow investigation was brought out had been carrying on a carefully devised and far-reaching system of extortion and blackmail. But it is recognized on all sides that the difficulties of convicting bribe-takers and blackmailers who hold offices which give large opportunities for mischief are almost insuperable in New-York. The statutes, methods, technicalities which govern the prosecution of office-holders make it wellnigh impossible to send to prison or to keep in prison for any long time faithless occupants of lofty positions who betray their trusts. There was plenty of evidence before the Lexow Committee and a great deal of evidence before the courts as to the guilt of well-known men in the Police Department, but these men had behind them political influence of the strongest kind. When nearly all the prosecutions which were brought after the Lexow investigation failed to secure results of permanent weight and value every rascal in the Department was encouraged to break the laws and to fill his pockets as promptly as possible.

Before the Mazet Committee, when Richard Croker, whom thousands of wearers of the uniform look upon as the embodiment of authority, testified that his chief object in public life was to enrich himself, it was plain that dishonest policemen would be emboldened to continue in every path of evil which they had been pursuing. On both sides of the East River the Police Department appears to be now in almost as unfortunate a condition as it was in the Tweed times. Nevertheless, this Police Board, smirched with disrepute as it is, has the effrontery to suggest that it needs more patrolmen. It does not need a man. It is wasting money steadily in large amounts. None of the members of the Board pay sincere regard to the interest of the taxpayers or the good name of this city. From the North River to the eastern edge of Queens County, from the southern point of Richmond to the Yonkers city line, lounging, lazy policemen are seen in excessive numbers. They gather in groups, they indulge in profanity and ribald talk with an audacity that has not been approached for years. The Department is radically misgoverned. With such a Police Board, with such a Chief as Devery, with such a man as McLaughlin in the place which he holds, with such a captain as Price looking after the dives in the Tenderloin, with such a Department reeking with wrong, these Police Commissioners, of whom Jacob Hess is a representative type, are asking for more policemen.

Look at the grotesquely fat creatures in blue and brass who waddle at many of our street corners! If the tools of Tammany in the Police Board think that some of the beats for patrolmen are too long, why don't they put these fat counterfeits on those long beats and force them to melt their mountains of flesh by rapid walking from one end to the other? Will New-Yorkers ever get mad? How can they be as calm and patient as they now are? This Police Board is the worst New-York has had for many a year. It is impudent in the extreme when it asks for more policemen. What for? To increase the number of protected dives, to enlarge the opportunities for blackmail, to benefit the law-breakers and to make New-York a by-word?

THE TRICKERY OF "PACING."

Riding a bicycle a mile in less than a minute seems on the face of it a marvellous achievement. As a matter of fact, when we come to consider how it was done, it is no such thing. The wheelman who performed the alleged feat on Friday is without doubt a fine master of the "silent steed." He may be the best wheelman in the world; certainly he is one of the best. But it is a great error to suppose that he actually propelled his bicycle at any such rate of speed. He did ride a mile on his wheel in less than a minute. But it was not his pedalling that accomplished it. It was the railroad train by which he was "paced." He rode between the rails, close behind the train, and the rear of the train was provided with a sort of hood, under the very brim of which he rode. Thus he was not merely screened from any head wind, but he was placed and kept in a tremendous wind, or current of air, travelling in the direction in which he was going. He was riding in a current of air moving a mile a minute. Any one who has ridden a bicycle in a wind knows what that must have meant. More than one rider has "coasted" along a level road and even up a moderate hill before a three-minute breeze. How fast could he go in a mile-a-minute hurricane such as that in which Murphy rode? It hardly seems extravagant to think that the latter might have made his mile a minute on Friday without ever touching a pedal, simply drawn along by the wind or the suction of the train.

That is not bicycle speeding in the true sense of the term. It may advertise the performer and secure him a lucrative engagement among trained dogs and skirt dancers in a music hall, but it does not set a record for the emulation of wheelmen any more than an oarsman would set a record in sculling by pulling downstream where the current ran like a millrace, or a sailing yacht by being towed behind a thirty-knot torpedo-boat. The speed of a sailing yacht is determined by what it can do in open water unassisted. The speed of an oarsman is the speed he can make in still water, with no current or tide either for or against him. The speed of a trotting horse is the speed he can make for himself, not partially dragged along by a running mate. And so the speed of a bicycle rider is that which he can make on a level track in still air, not dragged along by the suction of a railroad train or assisted by the like services of a tandem bicycle. Such performances as that of Murphy may be interesting to a certain morbid curiosity. They can have no possible relation to real sport, and the identification of them with sports would inevitably tend to the degradation of the latter. We need not discuss the brutality of the thing. If reports are true, Murphy was in imminent peril of death and underwent a physical strain and the danger of permanent injuries compared with which those of the champion in a slugging match are trifles. The point of present interest is that being carried along by a railroad train a mile a minute is not wheeling a mile a minute, and it does not matter whether one is carried along in the rush of air behind the train or on a stationary bicycle on the floor of one of the cars.

ONE OF MAYOR TIEMANN'S WORKS.

"The good is oft interred with their bones" is a too true saying which came straight to mind at sight of the half-mast flag upon the City Hall. That symbol paid its mute tribute of respect to the memory of Daniel F. Tiemann, who was Mayor of New-York at a time now beyond the recollection of all men not past middle age. It waved above a city vastly larger than Mayor Tiemann saw, or perhaps dreamed of, and richer, and in many respects handsomer and more delightful to live in and more worthy to be the metropolis of the Western Hemisphere. One would say it should wave above a city better in all respects than it was forty-odd years ago. But, unhappily, such is not the case. One of the best works, the most noteworthy and most beneficent, of Mr. Tiemann's administration has been permitted to lapse into decay, to such an extent that we may almost declare that it is now to be "interred with his bones."

It was Mayor Tiemann who gave the city its first general system of signboards at street corners. The system was primitive, but effective, and quite adequate to the requirements of those days. Narrow strips of glass, bearing in plainly painted letters the names of the streets, were placed in the glass cases which covered the gas jets at the street corners. They were easily to be seen, and the names were perfectly legible by day and by night. If properly maintained, that system would have been acceptable for most purposes down to the present day. But it was not maintained. Even while those gas lamps remained in use the signs were often neglected, misplaced or broken. When electric lighting superseded gas on the principal thoroughfares they were practically abolished. The lamps were dismantled, and the signs disappeared. In a few cases little metal signs were put upon the dismantled posts, half the time twisted so as to point the wrong way. Even when properly placed, these were of little worth, being illegible at night, when such signs are most needed. In other cases signs were put upon the corner buildings, where they were still less serviceable. And down to the last administration the city was practically without any effective system of street signs. Mr. Tiemann was not yet dead, but his work was undone.

The last administration, in a particularly sensible and effective way, undertook to renew Mr. Tiemann's work. Handsome gas lamps were placed at street corners, bearing in large, plain letters and figures not only the name of the streets there intersecting, but also the numbers of the buildings on the corners, and these were lighted at night, so that the inscriptions would be easily legible at a distance or to a passenger in a swiftly moving vehicle. It was an ideally perfect system, based on Mr. Tiemann's, but improving upon it as the city of to-day improves in other respects upon that of his Mayoralty. Unfortunately, before such lamps and signs could be generally distributed throughout the city there was a change of administrations, and one of the first acts of the incoming and now existing administration was to stop the erection of such lamps and signs, and even to order the abolition of those that had already been put up; an order not, we are glad to say, yet fully executed. So to-day the city is without any decent system of street signs. A few streets in Manhattan are thus provided, but only a few. In Brooklyn the case is worse. You may wander for miles without finding a single sign worthy of the name. And the only relief suggested is in the proposition of some local Solon to put signs on the corner buildings, a proposition half imbecile, half malicious. It is a fine bit of fate's irony that Daniel F. Tiemann should have died during the very administration which is most to be blamed for the bringing to naught of his beneficent work.

LIBERALISM IN SCOTLAND.

If, as some say, the American Presbyterian Church is drifting away from its moorings, it is only following the example of its venerable mother, the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. American Presbyterian liberals have yet to fight for recognition and toleration; but in the Scottish Church that stage was passed some years ago. Professor Briggs would not have been molested in the Church founded by John Knox. On the contrary, he would have found in it scholars and thinkers like-minded with himself. Open-mindedness is the characteristic of the Scottish Church. Implicitly, if not explicitly, truth is the first article of its creed, and all the other dogmatic articles of its creed are interpreted in the light of the truth. It is true the Biblical scholars and theologians of Scotland are more conservative than those of Germany. But for all that, some of them would have as hard a time in the American Presbyterian Church as Professor Briggs had. Nor is that all. A ritualistic tendency has grown up in the Scottish Church that has for its object the restoration of some liturgical and ceremonial features that were discarded at the Reformation. This movement meets with a sympathetic response from the people in the larger towns, and bids fair to revolutionize the Church. Only in the remote country districts will one find the typical Presbyterians of the old days, and as they die there are none to take their places. Thus, in spite of its strong government and its uncompromising creed, Scottish Presbyterianism finds itself moving along in the stream of tendency.

But most remarkable of all is the drift away from the severe conception of life and religion that characterized the Scottish reformers. During the last few years there has been a noteworthy change of sentiment in regard to the observance of the Sabbath. Not long ago Principal Story, the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Scottish Church, preached a sermon on Sabbath observance in Edinburgh. In this sermon he made a strong plea for a less rigid observance of the day, and especially for the opening of clubs, public gardens, museums, art galleries and libraries. And he referred in scornful terms to the "prosperous Pharisees" who oppose the opening of such places, where poor people might obtain needed rest and recreation, while they had no thought for the overworked men and women in their mills and factories, whose lives were being shortened by unrelieved toil. He told how he had visited Continental cities, and had seen workingmen spending pleasant and profitable hours on Sunday, with their families and friends, in galleries full of beautiful works of art, or listening to music fitted to elevate and refine their thoughts. That so prominent and representative a man should thus hold up the Continental Sunday for approval in a church in Scotland's capital city is a striking illustration of the change of sentiment that has come over the Scottish Church to-day. It shows how difficult, if not impossible, it is for a Church to resist the tendencies of the time. It may refuse to change one iota of its creed; yet along with the old creed the members of the Church, both ministers and people, will, perhaps unconsciously, modify that creed so as to square it with their environment. And against such a modification of creeds there is no protection, and can be no appeal.

The movement for the revision of the Westminster Creed in the American Presbyterian Church came to an untimely end some years ago, and there was great rejoicing on the part of the conservatives. But the more or less unconscious modification of that creed in the thought of Presbyterians has been going on ever since. Against that tendency the General Assembly is helpless. It may suspend a Briggs or advise a McGiffert to withdraw for the sake of peace. But the sympathizers of these and other teachers of the new theology remain in both the pulpit and the pew. And any serious attempt to drive them out would split the Church in two. In the old days the people shaped their theology in accordance with the preaching of the pulpit. To-day they read Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley and Spencer, and are more or less familiar with the results of modern Biblical criticism. Their religious thinking is profoundly affected by these and other similar influences, and the only way in which the Church can counteract such influences is to forbid the reading of all such books. But, of course, that would be ineffective, as it has no power to enforce such a prohibition.

Socialist and rioter seem to be synonymous in the Italian Parliament.

The prosecution is said to have cited thirty-seven witnesses to appear in the new Dreyfus trial. It is to be hoped they will personally come to better ends than the three of the first and fraudulent trial, one of whom is in a suicide's grave, one in a felon's cell, and one a fugitive from justice.

A rich man living at Tarrytown has been compelled to exclude bicyclists from his fine private park because of the destruction and defacement of his property of which many of them were guilty. A year or two ago similar action was taken, for similar reason, by another owner of a large estate further up the river. It is a pity, but no one can blame the property owners. The fault lies entirely with the people who abuse their privileges. Of course, there are thousands of wheelmen who would respect the courtesy which opened private grounds to them, and would do no harm. But they will have to suffer for the sins of the others.

General Wood will serve the Nation's interests rather than his own. That is the type of man for public service, whether in civil or military life.

Some wonder and indignation are expressed over the faithlessness of some of the Cuban rural guards who have been detected practising the outlawry they were commissioned to suppress. But there is really no reason to be surprised at that, when our own peace officers league themselves with crime. Perhaps the Cuban guards were only a little ahead of their time, and were training for places in the New-York police force.

The South African Boer imports large amounts of American patent medicine, showing that, contrary to the general opinion, he is not without occasional bodily ills, and that his seemingly unyielding constitution is not without response to the more active agents of the pharmacopœia. It has always been supposed that he possessed the toughness of the South African ox, that physical infirmities were as unknown to him as to that tenacious and indurated bison, that customary processes of decay were unknown to him, that while he lived he lived in clover, and when he died he died all over. But it seems to be otherwise, and that he requires regular and irregular medication like other people. It is a tribute to the energetic action of our proprietary compounds that the Boer system is found to respond to them.

That Dingley bill doesn't seem to be so much of a producer of deficits after all. Even its enemies admit that it is adequate to our peace expenditures.

Now that our war with Spain is ended and diplomatic relations are renewed, that we are ranged side by side with amity, angel-winged and star-crowned, between, we can appropriately rejoice in every sign of renewed strength and vigor which the old land exhibits. Her army next year will number 108,000, and will not only give her a respectable military standing among the European nations, but none of her force and means will be frittered away in fruitless and exhausting efforts to put down colonial discontent. She will have a larger army than our own; but as she will not try to whip us with it we can regard her armaments not only without discomposure, but with sincere admiration of the national courage and energy which their speedy rehabilitation exhibits.

PERSONAL.

What promises to be the first permanent installation of Marconi apparatus on this side of the Atlantic is that which is to be used by the Government of Trinidad, the southernmost of the Windward Islands, in communicating with its dependency Tobago, some twenty or twenty-five miles away. Sir William Preece, formerly at the head of the British telegraphic service, has been invited to arrange the matter.

Dr. Martin Luther Brooks, who died in Cleveland the other day, at the age of eighty-seven, made the first speech in favor of abolition ever delivered in Oberlin, Ohio, which later became the headquarters of the underground railway. It was on July 4, 1833. A few years later he taught in Gallopolis, Ohio, the first colored school in the State. He was one of the chief stays of the underground railway, and was a friend of Lincoln.

Lord Leven and Melville, who, as Lord High Commissioner of the Crown at Edinburgh has been entertaining American Ambassador Choate and his family at the royal palace of Holyrood, in the old capital of Scotland, is that same Roland Melville who was over here to act as best man to the late Duke of Manchester when the latter married Miss Yznaga in New-York. Lord Leven has for twenty years past been at the head of one of the biggest Anglo-American banking houses in London, is a governor of the Bank of England, and a grandson of that Henry Thornton, M. P., author of the famous "Family Prayers," and the friend and coadjutor of William Wilberforce. Both Lord Leven's father and elder brother were bankers, and so much of a business man was the father that he disinherited one of his younger sons for having sent his boy to Oxford, on the ground that a university career would unfit him for business pursuits.

A Congressman tells the story that, being selected to deliver a eulogy on a deceased colleague whom he had not known, he consulted Mr. Reed, then the Speaker, upon what to say. "Say anything except the truth," was the reply. "It's customary."

Professor A. G. Nathorst, the Swedish explorer and scientist, who is now searching for Andrée, or the relics of his expedition, is a member of the Swedish Royal Academy and of the leading geographical societies of the world. In 1870, and again in 1882, he explored Spitzbergen. In 1883 he made a voyage to Greenland, and he was a member of the famous Vega expedition around Asia. The Antarctic, Professor Nathorst's ship, will sail to the region between 73 and 75 degrees north latitude, near Cape Bismarck, on the east coast of Greenland, and will follow the coast toward the south in the hope of finding some trace of the intrepid Andrée. Professor Nathorst, in an interview given just before he left Gothenburg, said that Andrée and his companions are now in Greenland.

THE TALK OF THE DAY.

The Methodist ministers of Chicago did not have any success in their attempt to do away with dancing at the commencements of the Chicago public schools. To their petition E. Benjamin Andrews, the general superintendent, answered that the sole authority in the matter rested with the principals of the various schools, and they, in turn, declined to interfere.

Weary Willie and his friend Frowsy, strolling along the seashore, stop before a sign reading: "Notice! Bathing is Dangerous. Quicksands." Weary Willie—Dere, Frowsy; dere's true public spirit for yer. Dat man's a true public educator. I don't know who dat feller Quicksands is, but he's got de right idea uv t'ings an' ain't afraid to say so, an' if he wuz here I'd take off me hat to him.—(Leslie's Weekly.

William R. Walters, who is serving in the Philippines, tells this story in "The Rochester Democrat and Chronicle": "Some very amusing affairs take place between our soldiers and the Chinese merchants owing to the inability of the Americans to 'sabee' the Orientals' language. During that part of the fighting which is known in our ranks as 'the loot of Tondo' I saw a corporal of the 23d Regulars rake a small safe out of some ruins after a fire. Finding it to be empty, he started away with it under his arm. Before he had gone very far he met a Chinese merchant, to whom he undertook to sell the purloined safe.

" 'Lookee here, John. How muchee you give for safee? Bellee nicee. Mucho wano safee?' says the corporal, with much gesticulation and contortion.

" 'I really don't need a safe,' quietly replied the benighted Chinaman, 'but I suppose you boys need some beer money, so what do you say to $1 for it?'

"This was said in the purest English. The corporal almost dropped his safe with astonishment, but he took the dollar, and amid the laughter of the company 'vamoosed.' Some of these Chinese merchants, indeed, speak English with a purity and fluency that are remarkable."

Sensitive.—"Hadn't we better burn a few towns next month?" asked the Filipino who was trying to suggest something to vary the monotony.
"And let the Americans think we're trying to help celebrate the Fourth of July?" said the general, sternly. "Never!"—(Washington Star.

This story is taken from the new book, "Irish Life and Character": "A political candidate, on paying a second visit to the house of a doubtful voter of the peasant class, was very pleased, but somewhat surprised, on hearing from the elector that he would support him. 'Glad to hear it,' said the candidate. 'I thought you were against me.' 'Sure, I was at first,' rejoined the peasant. 'Whin the other day ye called here and stood by that pigsty and talked for half an hour ye didn't budge me an inch. But after ye had gone away, sor, I got to thinkin' how ye'd reached yer hand over the rail and scratched the pig's back till he lay down wid the pleasure of it. I made up me mind thin that whin a man was so sociable as that wid a poor fellow-creathure I wasn't the bhoy to vote agin him.' "

A Hard Question.—"There is something," writes a warrior from Manila, "which has been bothering me for a long time. Will you please allow enough space in your heart-to-heart talks to answer one question: Owing to the fact that I live in the Philippines I am known as a Filipino. If I were to move to Philadelphia would I become a Filadelfian?"—(Washington Star.

"The Chicago News" has gathered together these specimens of childish humor: "Tommy," asked a mother of her three-year-old son, "what would you do if I gave you a nice orange?" "I'd wish you would give me another," replied Tommy. Little Alice had been delegated to rock the baby to sleep. By and by her mother came in and found him still awake. "Why, Alice," she said, "isn't your little brother asleep yet?" "No, mamma," was the replay, "I tan't make him teep his eyes buttoned." Little four-year-old Clara had behaved very badly while her mother was entertaining a caller, and as the latter was about to depart Clara said: "Please, Mrs. Brown, don't go away yet!" "Why, Clara," said Mrs. Brown, "I had no idea you were so fond of me." "Oh, it isn't that," was the frank reply, "but mamma said I was to be whipped as soon as you went away." Sunday-school Teacher—Who was the wisest man, Johnnie? Johnnie—Solomon. "That's right. Now, Willie, who was the strongest man?" Willie—Jonah. Teacher—Wrong. But what reason have you for believing Jonah was the strongest man? " 'Cause the whale couldn't hold him after it got him down."

Demanded Information.—"I am surprised," said the professor, "that the value of the mushroom is not more widely understood. Now, a mushroom is both palatable and wholesome. It"——
"Excuse me, professor," said the barbarian, who had been nervously toying with his war-paint brush, "but before I get into this argument with you, let me understand one thing. Are you talking about vegetables or bullets?"—(Washington Star.

Speaking of exhibition mermaids, a correspondent of "The London Telegraph" says: "It may not be generally known that Japan exports these shams in assorted sizes, in glass cases, at so much a foot-run. They are made of the body of a fish and the dried head of a monkey, so skilfully united that it is difficult to detect where one begins and the other ends. Of late the market for mermaids has been flat; at one time they were fairly common in the curiosity shops."

Bill—Been to the races?
Jill—Yep.
"What did you do?"
"Put my money on a horse named Gas Meter; I thought there wasn't a thing living could beat a gas meter."
"Well?"
"I'm a fool to suppose for a minute that I could tell what a gas meter is going to do."—(Yonkers Statesman.

THAT ALASKAN BOUNDARY.

MR. SEWARD DEPENDS UPON THE GOOD SENSE OF BOTH PARTIES TO ESTABLISH HARMONY.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: So "Canada blocks the way," does she? Such is the announcement. The English-speaking race, on both sides of the Atlantic, and their sons scattered in colonies and dependencies throughout the world, have been rejoicing for months over the prospect that henceforth there is to be hearty good feeling, if not absolute alliance, between them. Each salutes the other's flag with pride. Thousands of loyal throats are chanting with equal heartiness "The Star Spangled Banner" and "God Save the Queen." But "Canada blocks the way." She utters the first discordant note by setting up an unfounded claim to land in Alaska that does not belong to her, and never did, and that she never dreamed of asking for while Russia held it!

But is it Canada that does this? Canadians are, in the main, sensible, reasonable, practical and loyal people. They recognize as fully as anybody the value of the new unity of the race, its priceless advantages to themselves, as well as to Great Britain and the United States.

Is it not rather a set of ambitious provincial politicians seeking to play on the well-worn string of "getting some advantage over the Yankees" and thereby gaining popular favor? If so, they are making the mistake of their lives in rising to forbid the banns and to keep the two nations asunder.

Canada has as many reasons as, and even more than, England for desiring our friendship. But, great and prosperous as the Dominion is, it is not a nation. It is only a province. It has no independent diplomatic status among nations. It can make no wars and no treaties. The Government of Great Britain acts for it and is responsible for it in dealing with other Powers. Whatever amount of discussion or declamation there may be at Ottawa, the questions have to be settled at the Foreign Office in London. Hence the opportunity is given to some short-sighted statesmen to put Canada in the attitude of a petulant daughter of an indulgent mother, teasing for favors because nobody rebukes her. Feeling herself irresponsible, she believes the mother will protect and defend her, whether complying with her whims or not. And the mother is naturally disposed, sometimes, to yield to her unreasonable demands, even at the risk of offending the neighbors.

Years ago we had a somewhat similar experience at the Northwest. The broad arm of the sea known as the Channel of Haro had been taken as the boundary between British Columbia and the United States. Some provincial politicians and statesmen thought it would be a fine thing to run the line by way of the smaller Rosario Strait, thus taking the island of San Juan from the United States and giving it to Canada. The two Governments at London and Washington, knowing little of the merits of the case, and less than they now know of its geography and history, were each disposed to back up its own settlers. Thus ensued "strained relations" over the boundary question. The British Government sent troops to hold the disputed island. So did the American Government. The British established a garrison at one end of the island. The Americans established theirs at the other. The farmers between expected to be crushed by the shock of contending armies. But no shock came. After a few months of "armed occupation," it began to dawn upon the soldiers and the public that the situation was preposterous and absurd. The officers of the two forces made friendly calls on each other, and engaged in amicable racing and rowing matches. The sentries fraternized over grog and tobacco. The farmers found profitable customers for vegetables and chickens and eggs at both ends of the island. Finally, by negotiations begun in 1868 and ended in 1871, a treaty was made, referring the whole matter to arbitration. The arbitrator was Emperor William I of Germany. He looked at the map and looked over the documents, and made the only award that seemed just or possible. He said the Haro Channel was the boundary, and the island of San Juan belonged to the United States. It has been in our peaceable possession ever since.

It may be that the mischief makers will bring about another case of "strained relations" over the Alaska boundary case. But if they do the good sense of the two peoples will probably overcome the trouble now, just as it did then. Canada and the United States will each have and hold their own land. There is no reason why either should take more or why either should have less.

FREDERICK W. SEWARD.

Montrose-on-the-Hudson, June 30, 1899.

OPEN-CAR BRUTALITY.

INEXCUSABLE CONDUCT OF MOTORMEN AND CONDUCTORS BROUGHT OUT BY THE DISCUSSION OF SMOKERS' SEATS.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: There could hardly be a more courteous and kindly appeal to the fairmindedness of women than the letter signed "Smoker" which appeared in your columns a day or two ago.

I am glad to see this morning, by the excellent letter signed "Daily Passenger," that a woman has answered in the same spirit, and has at the same time stated the chief reason why women take those back seats when they would willingly leave them to the smokers.

It is true that women are obliged to take those seats by the brutal motormen and conductors, who leave us no time to choose, but force us to blind and painful haste by the threat, often executed, of going on without us.

The motorman does, almost invariably, run his car far beyond the place where he sees a woman standing. Even when one does, as "Daily Passenger" says, and as I always do, wait more than a car's length from the crossing, the ill-natured oaf at the wheel usually brings the rear end of the car a foot or two ahead, and at the same moment the conductor begins his impudent "Step lively!"

For one to whom the want of youth and strength makes light, quick movement impossible, the open cars, with their cruel high step and their reckless jerk, are a torture at best. But they become an outrage through the driving of passengers, young and old, strong and weak alike, as if they were hounded sheep, to plunge forward and huddle in anywhere, because the ruthless rules of the company have made brutes of the employes. It is amazing how the public continues to stand such treatment.

I have let car after car pass rather than take one of those back seats. When I was in too great haste for that, I have stood up in the forward part of the car, rather than take a vacant place in the smokers' seats. I have had an animal of a conductor grab my arm and force me to stop at one of those four back seats when I had started for the upper end of the car. His respectful words were, "Git in! Git in anywhere!"

If your correspondent "Smoker," who writes like a gentleman, will observe more closely and will reflect on what he observes, I am sure he will cease to think that women take those places from choice.

As to smoking in open cars and elsewhere, the whole question is one of mutual forbearance and unselfishness. In spite of peevish utterances now and then from women—which I must say I think are often justified in matter, though not in manner—I cannot see that the weight of selfishness in this respect is on the women's side. Men don't know how much of our comfort is given up without their being made aware of the sacrifice. A smoker, to whom the "fragrant weed" is delicious, can't realize how it poisons the air for those who do not like it. But he has only to substitute some odor which he finds offensive. Suppose, for instance, a man to whom the breath of pine and balsam woods was half the pleasure of a ride on top of a stage coach over an Adirondack or White Mountain road, and that it was ruined for him by his neighbor, a woman, whose favorite perfume was musk? On the other hand, if the pipe of a workingman does make one feel sick, is there a woman in the world who would deprive him of that comfort if she could? The cigar of a tired business man on his way home after a fight with the world does not, I'm afraid, smell any better to me personally than an old pipe. But I cannot imagine the sense of justice which would dispute his right to all the enjoyment he can get out of his tobacco, whether it inconveniences us or not.

And if bad luck should oblige me to occupy a seat in that part of the car to which I know men who want to smoke have the first right, I expect that they will smoke if they wish to; and I also expect that they will show by their respectful manner that they know I would not be there if I could help it. ANOTHER DAILY PASSENGER.

New-York, June 29, 1899.